Table of Contents

1. | copyright
2. | allegiances
3. | prologue |
4. | chapter one |
5. Chapter Two
6. Chapter Three
7. Chapter Four
8. Chapter Five
9. Chapter Six
10. Chapter Seven
11. Chapter Eight
12. Chapter Nine
13. Chapter Ten
14. Canceled

| copyright

[image]

Copyright © 2016 by Jaystrike

The moral right of the author has been asserted. All rights reserved. This story is published subject to the condition that it shall not be reproduced or transmitted in whole or part, in any manner, without the written consent of the copyright holder, and any infringement of this is violation of copyright law.

A single copy of the materials available in this story may be made, solely for personal, noncommercial use. Individuals must preserve any copyright or other notices contained in or associated with them. Users may not distribute said copies to others, whether or not in electronic form or hard copy, without prior written consent of the copyright holder of the materials. Contact information for requests for permission to reproduce or distributes materials available through this course are listed below:

Email no longer available to public, apologies for any inconvenience. You can PM me.

| allegiances

[image]

DewClan

Leader Skystar | svelte gray tabby she-cat with striking blue eyes

Deputy Doefall | cream colored tabby she-cat with brown and white spots along her back

Medicine Cat Bluebird | blue-gray she cat with white paws and dark eyes

Warriors

Oakwhisper | red brown tom with amber eyes

Fernfeather | black mottled she-cat with green eyes

Kestrelwing | brown tabby tom with frosty white spots

Skyjumper | white tom with gray paws and sky blue eyes

Anthill | russet colored tom with very thick fur

Pinelark | handsome ginger and white tom with green eyes

Squirrelbush | fluffy russet tom

Mouserunner | brown tom with sharp teeth and yellow eyes

Bushfur | brown tom with green eyes

Littlefoot | small gray and white she-cat

Dawnheart | smoky-gray she-cat with amber eyes

Nighttree | black tom with sharp green eyes

Ambertail | white she-cat with amber eyes and brown stripes on her

tail

Flowingriver | blue-gray she-cat

Riverfoam | gray she-cat with green eyes

Apprentices

Redpaw | pretty scarlet she-cat with shimmering green eyes

Tangledpaw | brown and white she-cat with a constantly messy pelt and green eyes

Snowpaw | quiet brown and white tom with ice-blue eyes

Queens

Glowshine | beautiful long-furred silver she-cat with blue eyes (mother to Goodkit, Shadowkit, and Apricotkit)

Deerleap | pretty light brown she-cat with criss-crossed white flecks on her spine (mother to Forestkit and Lionkit)

Elders

Snakecliff | tom with brown fur and green eyes

Quaildawn | she-cat with a ginger pelt and bright orange eyes

EarthClan

Leader Soilstar | dark brown tom with light brown paws and brown eyes

Deputy Rockymountain | light brown tom with a white underbelly and amber eyes

Medicine Cat Specklepelt | dappled calico she-cat with blue eyes

AirClan

Leader Quailstar | brown she-cat with a distinctive ash gray streak running down her back

Deputy Tailfeather | skinny gray tom with a bushy white tail and yellow eyes

Medicine Cat Sunfall | mysterious dark orange long-haired she-cat with a creamy gray nose and soft blue eyes

NightClan

Leader Secretstar | pinkish-gray she-cat with a white underbelly and friendly holly green eyes

Deputy Deepheart | creamy brown tom with a red patch on his chest and dark orange eyes

Medicine Cat Moontail | black she-cat with a white mask and a white underbelly

Cats Outside The Clans

Eagle | light brown tabby tom

Wishteller | appearance unknown

Doe | appearance unknown

| prologue |

[image]

Swiftly, a shooting star soared across the night sky, a light for all to see. Echoing hoots of owls filled the air, calling like birds. The rich forest was filled with the scent of greenleaf, prey roaming the wide forests. Gently, rivers spiraled and twisted, giving out a peaceful song. From the shadows, lithe shapes of cats appeared all around, padding softly. They surrounded themselves into a wide circle, facing a bright pool.

Suddenly, one cat, a plump, colorful calico she-cat yowled, "Why have we been gathered here?" Murmurs of wonder traveled around the circle, for it was rude to interrupt a StarClan meeting.

"If you don't interrupt, Poppywhisper," growled a sandy colored tom, "then maybe we can get on with the point!" His mate, a lovely tortoiseshell, glared at Poppywhisper, holding her head up high in condescension. Claws unsheathed, she faced her, almost daring her to meet her eyes. Poppywhisker, however, didn't back down. She wasn't about to go down without a fight.

Dappledsun, the tortoiseshell, looked up at him with large amber eyes. She purred lovingly, and twined her tail together with his.

Poppywhisper looked away with disgust, and snarled as if she was a tiger. "I'll get my own back on you someday. Just you wait, *mate-stealer*."

"Today, you have been gathered here to witness the Prophecy of the Roaring River," mewed a snow-white cat. "Written in the stars, this prophecy has been foretold for many moons. The impact of it will be strong, and many brave warriors will be forced to die. Before she died, River at the Brightest Moon foretold this prophecy. She was a noble cat, and walks among StarClan now.

"But the time has come. StarClan, you must be as strong as the fiercest hawk, sharp as a vigilant falcon, and alert as an eagle. For

this may bring a great change to the Clans - and it may be destructive or good."

Snowfall, which was the name of the white she-cat, touched her nose to a clear pool that was adjacent to her. Slowly, an image began to appear. It was a picture of a queen and her two kits. One of them, a reddish-brown tom, had his eyes closed. The other was a majestic golden-brown tabby tom that looked as fierce as a lion!

"The heart of the forest will rise as one
While the star of lion
Shall be tainted and run
But he shall rise
And drop three times through
Until the hurt can change
And fight claw and tooth."

"Is that the prophecy?" whispered a beautiful russet colored she-cat. "It sounds so threatening!"

"Hush, Sweetapple," soothed Poppywhisper. "I'll fight for you and your siblings until the very end." She glanced at Palesand. "But I'm not sure that your father would," she said, keeping her eyes fixed on him.

•-•-•-•

And there you have it! Thanks for all the support guys! This chapter is dedicated to WarriorzLove and Cougarstripe for their welcome back to Wattpad present! Be sure to follow them! Also, I thank Dat_Cute_Nerd_Girl and kindred18 for voting and commenting! Thank you all, and see you next chapter!

~River

| chapter one |

[image]

A light breeze was whispering, rippling the surface of the river and ruffling the trees. Running warriors coming in and out from camp made noises as loud as big badgers. Swaying trees spun the little leaves into the air. The enamoring scent of fresh-kill filled the atmosphere, along with the serene smell of green-leaf.

Forestkit yawned, sleep overcoming his senses. He hadn't opened his eyes yet, and Deerleap, his mother, was gently licking the top of his head, stroking the fur and grooming him.

"My beautiful kit. Your father, Oakwhisper, is proud." She purred, her tail waving slowly in happiness. "Don't be in a hurry to open your eyes, young one. Wait until you feel ready."

Lionkit, who was a golden-brown tabby tom, scowled. *How come the little furball has to get all the attention?* he thought. *He hasn't even opened his eyes yet!*

Oakwhisper, who had just come back from a patrol, stopped by the nursery to see his newborn kits.

"Hello, kits!" he mewed excitedly. "Hello, Deerleap!" He licked his mate's forehead in welcome. "Here's fresh-kill!"

Deerleap, who hadn't eaten since morning, happily agreed to share with her mate.

Forestkit sighed softly. One out of five kits, Forestkit was the only one not to have opened his eyes yet. Lionkit had opened his eyes while he was still sleeping. He felt left out, as his brother was younger than him, born second.

Don't worry, little one. We are watching over you.

Forestkit jumped. What was that voice? Who was it?

"Lionkit, did you hear that?" Forestkit asked, his ears high and alert. "I heard something..."

"I didn't hear anything, Forestkit." Lionkit said quietly. "You must be tired."

Forestkit was puzzled. He shook his head as if he was soaked to the skin. All of a sudden, he heard a tingling feeling in his eyes. Forestkit gasped as he realized what the sensation was.

"Deerleap! Oakwhisper! Lionkit! I'm going to open my eyes!" Forestkit yowled, a wolf howling to the moon. "Come *on!"*

Deerleap, who was whispering wildly, squealed like a mouse in excitement.

"My kit! Skystar! My son's going to open his eyes!" she shrieked. "Glowshine!"

Forestkit fluttered his eyes open for a second, then closed them again like shutters. Then, mustering every ounce of strength he could get, his eyelids flew open, and he stood there proudly, waving his tail in delight.

But the reactions of the other cats surrounding him were contrary. Poor Forestkit did not know what he was in for.

****
Cliffhanger! *snickers evily* What do you think happens next? Comment all your thoughts! And please, please, *please*, point out any mistakes or what you don't like! This chapter is dedicated to peppermint_pup, my follower! Also, I want to thank the following: WarriorzLove, SydPig, kindred18, and Friskywriting2222 for all being wonderful supporters of this book!

Okay! You guys, I am planning to not make this a failure! Comment in the votes if you want to become part of #TeamRiver! TeamRiver is a group of people egging me on to write! (But please be honest with the compliments.) All right, folks, I guess this is it! So, I am going to end with one of my

character's quotes. First person to guess becomes automatically part of #TeamRiver!

"Thank you, river, for all you've done for me. If you help me again, one last time, and get me to the bank, I will stay beside you and praise you all my life."

Okay! On your mark, get set, GO AS IF YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!

^^ River (Okay, okay!)

Chapter Two

[image]

"His eyes! His face! Oh! He is so repulsive!" Deerleap wailed loudly.

"How could StarClan-"

"Why is-"

Murmurs spread like wildfire across DewClan camp about Forestkit, who had just opened his eyes.

"Mama-"

"I am not your mother!" Deerleap wailed. "How could I ever possibly have given birth - to you!" Her big brown eyes were two moons, shining with grief.

Forestkit, who was oblivious to his dilemma, whimpered like an abandoned kit. Sadness started to well up in his eyes, making them glimmer, two stones of green ice.

Forestkit did not know that he was hideous. His deep eyes, which were a dark green, bulged out of his head as if they were too big to fit in the shadows of his eye sockets. The fur along his face was jagged and ragged, and his nose was a dull gray. Lionkit, who had been staring horrifically at his littermate, scoffed.

"How could I have ever been brothers with *you*? You're so ugly, and putrid! Nobody likes you, runt. Don't ever get near me, understand?" Lionkit padded forward and, unsheathing his claws, sliced Forestkit's nose.

Glowshine, who had been protectively curling around her kits, growled at Lionkit fiercely.

"How dare you scratch your littermate? Don't you *dare* get near my kits!" She mewed to Deerleap, who was her best friend, "Deerleap. Come here. What are you going to do?"

Deerleap purred, grateful to have someone to talk to. She murmured as softly as a mouse to her chum, but when she suddenly stiffened slightly, and said something sad, Glowshine went beserk.

"What? What!" Glowshine was snarling, her face a mixture of sadness, anger, and confusion. "Are you out of your mind, Deerleap? Renaming him? How cruel can you get?"

Deerleap, who was shocked, widened her eyes in horror. "Are you turning against me, Glowshine? I'm doing this for my own good! Can't you see? With that - that ugly scrape of a cat, Lionkit, Oakwhisper, and myself will never be popular! Lionkit is like the world to me; he's perfect, without a blemish! Forestkit's new name will be fitting - and he will pay for humiliating me by getting an awful renaming ceremony!"

"We're over, Deerleap. I can never forgive you for saying all these things about a kit - a kit! Forestkit isn't even three moons yet, and you blame *him*? Popularity doesn't matter Deerleap; kindness and caring does." Glowshine, whose big blue eyes were blazing, glanced sorrowfully at Forestkit who was sniffling in a corner of the dark nursery. "From this day onward, Forestkit will be raised as *my* own. I'm sure Kestrelwing would love to take care of him; he absolutely adores kits. As for Oakwhisper, it is up to him whether or not he will like to visit Forestkit or not. Go on with your renaming ceremony if you wish, but remember - I will never call him by his new dreadful name; he will always be Forestkit in my heart."

Forestkit, whose eyes had been drooping, perked up at the sound of this good news.

"Mama!" he exclaimed joyfully, a happy hare. "Thank you!" Forestkit wrapped his thick paws around Glowshine's white ones. "I promise to be very, very, good!"

"I know you will," purred Glowshine, "And I promise to be a wonderful mother to you."

Mother and son touched paws and nodded, grinning like sunshine. They were too busy thinking about the new life Forestkit had in store for himself, and so they didn't see a shadowy figure stalk off

towards the leaders den...

"Be strong, Forestkit," whispered Sweetapple and Poppywhisper. "Your time will come."

_~_~_~_~_~_~_~_~_~_~_~_~_

So, another cliffhanger! Well, what do you think? Okay, so try to guess the quote again. The hint is 'Ripple'. Remember to join #TeamRiver! They are my group of grammar specialists, who help me write more chapters for this book and make it better! This chapter is dedicated to Friskywriting2222 for being the first to comment and to volunteer for #TeamRiver! Special thanks to kindred18 for adding my book to her reading list! So, that's all I have for now, but hopefully I'll post another chapter soon! Thank you all lots!

~River

Chapter Three

[image] [image]

I suggest you listen to the music while reading this. This is the theme song for Wormyheart's Solitude. Yes, it is none other than "Take Me to Church," by Hozier. Enjoy!

Glowshine, who had blueberry blue eyes, was pacing back and forth worriedly. Today was the day that Forestkit would suffer. Skystar had readily agreed to the ceremony, as Deerleap had organized it, and she was his mother.

"Goodkit, Shadowkit, Forestkit, and Apricotkit, come here." The four kits, having met each other yesterday, padded forward tentatively like scared squirrels.

"Hi, Glowshine!" piped up Forestkit, like a bird, breaking the uncomfortable silence. "What do you need?"

"Hello, Forestkit," meowed Glowshine softly, her voice like feathers. "I called you all here to say that - how about all of you play together?"

Shadowkit, Goodkit, and Forestkit all nodded their heads. Three out of four, the trio tried to be happy. But Apricotkit, who had gleaming green eyes, didn't join in. It made the three sad to know their littermate was obstinate.

"Play with him? Are you crazy crocodiles? He's so ugly! Even a weird warrior wouldn't want to play with him!"

"Apricotkit!" Glowshine was glaring immensely at the now cowering kit. "Don't be rude to your friend! Apologize!"

"I'm sorry, Forestkit. I shouldn't have been mean or rude to you." Apricotkit bowed her head in compensation, her eyes two small shining moons.

"It's alright." Forestkit forgave Apricotkit easily, smiling, showing his perfect teeth that was snow.

Glowshine, who was watching the kits play, started panicking. Skystar would call the Clan meeting soon to rename Forestkit. She cleared her throat. Before she lost Deerleap's friendship, Deerleap had loved Forestkit. What had happened? Facial qualities didn't matter, how friendly you were did.

"Forestkit-" Glowshine took a deep breath. "You're going to be renamed today." She turned away.

Forestkit was as stunned as a shocked snake! Why had Deerleap renamed him? Just then, a gray tabby she-cat strode like a confident cougar into the camp and leaped like a leopard onto an amazing rock jutting out of the ground.

"Let all cats old enough to swim gather around the Dew Drop for a Clan meeting!" the gray tabby roared as loud as a lion.

"That's Skystar," murmured Goodkit. "Wow," she breathed in awe.

"Today, we have come together, a pack of cats, to witness the giving of Forestkit's new name." Few cats murmured.

There was an electric shock in the air, whispering softly, '*There is a storm coming. There is a storm coming. You have been warned.'*

"This isn't good, Skystar!" bellowed Bluebird. "Can't you feel it?"

Skystar ignored the medicine cat and yowled, "Forestkit, come forward." Forestkit gently galloped across the camp to where Skystar was. "From this day onward, you will be known as Wormykit." There was no cheering, none at all, exempt for the solemn muttering of: "Wormykit. Wormykit. Wormykit. Wormykit."

Running winds howled, stirring the melancholy clouds. Light shades of sun were shadowed by the upcoming thunderclouds. The sky opened up, and the rain began to fall steadily, drumming a steady beat. Thunder crashed, sending sparks through the cat's fur. Flashing lightning shot across the morning sky, making Forestkit - no, newly-named Wormykit whimper.

"It's alright young one, it's alright," Glowshine soothed softly. "It will be alright."

But it wasn't. The whole wide world was collapsing around Wormykit, and there was no way out.

"StarClan help me," Wormykit whispered.

< > < > < > < > < > < > ***PLEASE READ THE BELOW TEXT!***
Right now, you're probably wondering why I've updated twice in one day. It's because I'm sorry to you guys that I haven't been updating so much. So, double surprise! This chapter is dedicated to MysteriousSkylar for always being nice in her comments to me! Also, do you want the next chapter to be about Sweetapple and Poppywhisper? It'll be about Palesand and Dappledsun too! *Please guess the cat who says the quote*! Here's the quote again:

"Thank you, river, for all you've done for me. If you help me again, one last time, and get me to the bank, I will stay beside you and praise you all my life."

Thank you all for the support, and I hope to see you soon! Bye! And go #TeamRiver!

~River

Chapter Four

[image] [image]

"You'll never be as good as him!" Deerleap scarily shrieked. "Lionkit will always be better than you!" Her words rang like ringing bells in Wormykit's ears, making him wince slightly. But then, things got worse. Lionkit, who was baring his razor-sharp teeth, appeared from the shadows. He pounced like a leopard onto Wormykit, biting at his fur and scratching at his belly.

"This is what happens to weak kits!" Lionkit hissed, his voice an adder's. "I'll always be better than you, a foul, ugly, terrible kit! You weren't even meant to be born!" He raised his right paw and was slowly bringing it down upon his neck.

"Die!" Deerleap and Lionkit roared like badgers. "Go to the Dark Forest for all we care!" Wormykit, who was cowering in fear, closed his eerie eyes and waited for the dreadful end....

"Wormykit. Wormykit? Wormykit!"

Wormykit's green eyes flashed open like shutters, his mouth giving out little gasps of air.

"What happened?" he panted like a dog. "I-Lionkit... Deerleap... Killed... Dream...."

"You were crying out in your sleep," Goodkit exclaimed, "so Glowshine said for me to wake you up!" She had a flash of regret in her eyes for calling him Wormykit.

Goodkit, who had woken him up worriedly, was now laughing. Her eyes were two bright balls of sun, shining brightly. "Come on! Let's play!" She started dragging Wormykit across the nursery floor. "Ugh!" She stopped. "You're heavy. What's going to wake you up? I know!"

Ouch, my dignity is hurt, joked Wormykit, in his hard head.

She slyly sneaked across the nursery floor while Wormykit was asleep. Then, she took a flying jump and landed flat on Wormykit's white belly.

"MEOWCH!" Wormykit yelped, a white wolf. "GET OFF ALREADY, *PEST*!"

"I knew that would work," Goodkit purred, "it always does."

"Annoying kit," Wormykit spat.

"I'm offended." Goodkit feigned innocence.

"Good," Wormykit growled like a cheetah. "You annoy me." But then he grinned. "Just kidding!" he purred. "Thanks for waking me up."

"It was about time." Wormykit spun around like the wind to see an angry looking Lionkit. "Dormouse! You're so stupid, know that? As stupid as a *worm*. Wormykit suits you better than Forestkit!"

Goodkit, who had mottled light brown fur, puffed her pelt up angrily.

"Why don't you pick on someone your own size?" she hissed. "Seeing as you're so small, why don't you go and pick on a mouse? Wormykit's done nothing wrong, and I'm sure Shadowkit will agree." She winced again. *Don't call him Wormykit*! she scolded herself in her mind.

A pitch-black tom with a white underbelly and blue eyes stepped out of the dark. His eyes were blazing, and he looked like a lion ready to attack.

"Yes, I *do* agree," he snarled. "Stop bullying my sister *and* my friend, furball." His pelt was spiked in annoyance, and coming out in all directions.

"O-Okay..." Lionkit was frozen with fear. "S-Sorry..." He crept back to a very angry Deerleap. "Yikes..."

"You idiot!" Deerleap hissed. "You should have stuck up for yourself!" Her ears were flattened with shame.

"Well, Shadowkit, that was impressive." Goodkit and Wormykit were trying their best to suppress a snigger. "Especially since you made Annoyingkit run off." Lionkit and Deerleap, who were sighing in defeat, glared at them with true contempt. "Hey! Annoyingkit of IdiotClan!" Goodkit, Wormykit, and Shadowkit yowled.

Apricotkit, who had been sleeping peacefully, padded forward to them. She yawned like a sleepy squirrel, and said something softly.

"Guys, can we play moss-ball? I need something to wake me up. Please?" her eyes were two round moons, pleading.

"All right," the trio agreed. "But no teasing, being mean, or - you know."

"I'll go and ask Bluebird for some moss," Wormykit volunteered. "I'll be back in hardly any heartbeats."

He trotted like a horse to the medicine cat den, where he heard gentle voices meowing.

"Are you sure?"

"Positive. I received one last night, from StarClan." The cat speaking softly lowered her voice. "She came to visit me."

"Sweetapple?"

"Yes."

"How is he doing?"

"J - Shadowfrost is doing well. He looks happy with my sister; but my mother is upset because of that fox-hearted -"

"Enough. What about-"

Wormykit, having decided to interrupt, stepped like a meek mouse into the medicine cat den.

"Excuse me," he squeaked, "but could I please have some moss to make a moss-ball with?"

"Of course," purred a beautiful blue-gray she-cat, "go ahead! It's right over there, in the bottom corner."

"Thank you," mewed Wormykit shyly, "Apricotkit wants some to play with."

He gently scraped the amount of moss needed and, thanking the she-cat once again, left for the nursery as quietly as a bird.

"Goodkit! Shadowkit! Apricotkit!" he hollered. "Come on!" Wormykit quickly rolled up the moss into a tightly-packed ball, then threw it at Goodkit.

"Forestkit!" Goodkit wailed. "Be more careful!" The moss-ball hit her heavy head.

Wormykit was shocked. One out of three kits, Goodkit was the only one to have called him Forestkit after being renamed Wormykit. He started to feel sad that he was no longer Forestkit, but Wormykit.

"Why did you call me Forestkit?" he asked hoarsely. "I'm Wormykit. Not Forestkit. I'm never going to be Forestkit anymore."

"I called you Forestkit because Glowshine told me to," Goodkit said. "But I also called you that because, well, *all* of us," she shot a dirty look at Apricotkit, "agree that you are like the forest. You have a strong heart, like the forest. You are bright, like the sun shining in the forest. And lost importantly, Wormykit doesn't suit you. It suits Lionkit better." She said that last sentence louder, so that Deerleap and her son heard. They snarled like scary snakes and scowled like wild wolves, but Wormykit didn't care. He had cats who cared for him, and that was all that mattered.

The wind whispered quietly in the trees. Shining rays of sunlight fell down upon the DewClan camp, warming it up. Moving animals scurried throughout the forest, chatting happily. All was calm, and there was no sign of hostility.

"Forestkit. I am Forestkit. Not Wormykit, not Idiotkit. I am Forestkit, in and out."

Forestkit licked his paw. He stood straight and looked calm. Then

he threw the ball all the way across the nursery, where it smacked Lionkit's head and bounced back to him.

"Stupid kit," muttered Lionkit under his breath. "But then again, I am one," he admitted angrily.

Please Read The Text Below! Important!
|~|~|~|~|~|~|~|
Okay! This is quite an achievement! I've written 1220 words! Plus, someone has *finally* guessed the cat who says the quote! It is no other than... River Ripple! I have given three prizes to the following who guessed:

1st Place- Rivershadow | You guessed first, and got it correct!
Prizes:
•A follow
•A dedication
•And a place in TeamRiver!
•Three votes on a book of your choice

2nd Place- ParkBlvd | You guessed correctly, but one hour behind Rivershadow!
Prizes:
•A follow
•A dedication
•And a place in TeamRiver!
•Two votes on a book of your choice

3rd Place- FallingSkies89 | You guessed, but didn't get it correct. However, you kept on trying!
Prizes:
•A follow
•A place in TeamRiver!
•A dedication
•One vote on a book of your choice

So, this chapter is dedicated to WarriorzLove, for making up #TEAMFORESTKIT, a group of people who call Wormykit by his true name; Forestkit! GO TEAMFORESTKIT! Oh, and also, the picture is of Goodkit. It says 'Goodkit: The Not-So-Good-Kit.'

^^ I'm happy if you are, (that's my new motto), River

Chapter Five

[image]

The heart of the forest will rise as one
While the star of lion
Shall be tainted and run
But he shall rise
And drop three times through
Until the hurt can change
And fight claw and tooth.

Bluebird, who had big brown eyes, thought of the prophecy while sorting herbs. She watched Wormykit outside playing with his friends, laughing loudly. It had been three moons since she last saw him, and that was when he had politely asked for a miniature amount of moss. In two moons, it would be his apprentice ceremony, and she was happy for him.

"Catmint for greencough and whitecough, raspberry leaves for kitting, willow leaves for vomiting..." Bluebird kept on rolling the names of the herbs off of her tongue. She then noticed Skystar in her den, moping. "I should go and see what's the matter..."

Bluebird sighed and padded to Skystar's den. "Skystar? What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Skystar grumbled, a black bear. "I was just thinking about Jace."

"You know you need to get over the death of him sooner or later. Everyone dies eventually; the world is life and death combined," Bluebird mused. "Jace is probably watching us up in StarClan, with Sweetapple. Besides, Deerleap started all this drama."

"He was one of my very best friends," said Skystar sadly, "and now he's gone. I feel dead inside."

"You still have me," soothed Bluebird, her eyes two glittering

moons. "You haven't died. Besides, you still have happiness here!" One of her closest friends, Bluebird was Skystar's sister. "And it was all Deerleap's fault anyway, I told you."

"Deerleap needs to die," Skystar said bitterly. She looked up at Bluebird with a murderous glint in her eyes.

"I died the day Jace died. And it's all because of her," Skystar shrieked, "and my spirit fell dead when I lost Oakwhisper too! Deerleap should go to the Dark Forest or go die in a ditch for all I care!"

"So that's why you renamed him Wormykit, isn't it?" Bluebird's brown eyes were filled with sorrow. "You know that he -"

"I know." Skystar's voice was full of regret. "But it was his destiny." She started sobbing sadly, remorse in her teary eyes. "I'm such a terrible leader. Oakwhisper had a right to leave me. Oh, StarClan, what have I become?" Skystar had remembered all those memories in less than a few minutes, which was too much for her.

Bluebird quietly slipped out as quietly and as quickly as a mouse, leaving Skystar softly sobbing.

Swirling clouds made the sky churn, a mixture of cyan and white. Greenleaf filled the air, the leaves gently blowing at cat's faces. Rushing water from the river nearby echoed in the DewClan camp, and the cool air relaxed Skystar's anguished heart for a while. There was no sign of an upcoming storm. Or was there?

Meanwhile, Wormykit was playing 'Battle' with the other kits. His face, which was still disgusting to look at, was contorted into one happy expression of joy, for his team was winning.

"DewClan will win and emerge victorious!" he crowed like a bird, his eyes a glittering green. "We always do, don't we Shadowstorm?" 'Foreststar', who had been fighting 'Goodstar' gently, turned towards his deputy. "Surrender, Goodstar!"

"Yes!" cried 'Shadowstorm'. "DewClan shall win, and defeat you all! Surrender, Goodstar, Apricotwhisker!"

"Never!" they cried together. They were about to take one last brave blow when they heard the sickening cry of colorful cats.

"AirClan, *ATTACK*!"

The next thing Wormykit saw was darkness.

^*^*^*^*^*^*^*^

***Dun da dun!* Cliffhanger! Sorry if this chapter was so short, but it adds on to the suspense! This chapter is dedicated to Rivershadow, because she won the guess the cat game! TRY AND GUESS WHAT HAPPENS NEXT! You'll be shocked. See you until next time!**

^^Till death do us apart, River

Chapter Six

[image]

Darkness. Black. Night. Nothing.

Wormykit, who was struggling fiercely to escape, finally sighed from exhaustion. Where was this wacky warrior taking him? He wanted to go back to Glowshine, to Goodkit, and Shadowkit, even mean old Apricotkit! One out of five kits, Wormykit was now considered Shadowkit's best friend.

"Where are you taking me?" Wormykit managed to choke out. "Please, take me back home," he wailed.

"Silence!" snarled a ragged voice vehemently, "or else you'll never see daylight again!"

"He's just a helpless and hapless kit, Roughwind," meowed a calm and soothing voice, "and besides, if you're taking him back to live in AirClan, then you have to get to know him better. Being mean isn't going to help."

"Sorry, Quailstar," the warrior replied. His voice was masculine, but cold. "I'm just worried about our Clanmates." His tone was flat.

They trudged through the tall trees, with Wormykit whining all the way to AirClan camp.

However, in the DewClan camp, it was a bloodbath. Two cats particularly stood out in this battle that was a raging storm.

"Stay away from my kits, Rabbitecho!" snarled Kestrelwing threateningly. "The last time you came close to Glowshine, it wasn't any good!"

The cat named Rabbitecho, who was an arrogant tom, raised his chin defiantly.

"You're just jealous that those so-called kits of yours aren't actually

yours; they're mine." There was a glowing gleam in his eyes.

Kestrelwing turned to Glowshine. His eyes were smoldering with hatred and fury.

"Are your kits really his?" he asked, growling like a tiger, his claws unsheathing.

"Of course not - look out!" Glowshine, who had been infuriated at Rabbitecho's lie, opened her mouth wide in horror. Rabbitecho had used his fake confession to attack Kestrelwing while he wasn't watching!

"Did you really think that?" said Rabbitecho triumphantly. "Oh, and by the way, I'm sorry one of your precious kits was stolen." He stabbed Kestrelwing in the stomach.

Glowshine turned like a tornado to find that Wormykit was missing!

"What did you do with him?" Glowshine shrieked, "give him back!" Her motherly instincts turned on, and she sprang like a hare onto Rabbitecho, freeing her mate. She dug her claws, which were as sharp as needles, into his soft white underbelly. "Tell me!"

"He's been taken..." gasped Rabbitecho, as he fought for air. "By..."

His last words were cut off by a loud, "Retreat! AirClan, back to camp!" Cats ran everywhere, and Rabbitecho was let go.

"Don't you *dare* come back," Glowshine hissed, a slender snake. "I won't go so easy on you next time." She watched Rabbitecho dash off.

Glowshine dashed off to Skystar and Doefall, who was the deputy. "Skystar! Doefall! Wormykit's - I mean, Forestkit's been taken by AirClan!"

"His name is Wormykit, not Forestkit, Glowshine," sneered Doefall, "so you might as well call him that!" The current queen glared at the deputy in response.

"He's been taken?" Skystar was shocked. "I don't think AirClan

would steep so low as to steal a young kit of four moons!"

"He has! Rabbitecho told me so," wailed Glowshine. "We've got to get him back!"

Deerleap, who had been eavesdropping, walked over.

"Why should we, *Glowshine*?" Deerleap dryly commented, "with his ugly face, nobody would miss him."

"Yeah!" Lionkit piped up. "He won't be as good of a warrior as me!" He puffed out his chest.

"Maybe," Skystar growled, "we should delay your apprentice ceremony and have Wormykit's earlier, seeing as you are being rude." Lionkit and Deerleap colored profusely.

"Well?" Glowshine asked impatiently. "What are you going to do?"

"We're going to go save Wormykit," Skystar said determinedly. "Our Clan needs him. I have a feeling that your kits won't be happy if we don't take him back, Glowshine." She let out a mrrow of laughter.

"Why should we go save *him*, Skystar? He's nothing but a worthless, ugly-"

"Enough! We're going back to get him, and the leader's word is law." Skystar angrily waved her tail at her deputy. "Doefall, kits are important. They are the future of the Clan."

"I agreed with Doefall," mumbled Deerleap. Skystar shook her head and sighed.

"Deerleap, Lionkit, you are dismissed." The gray tabby looked up, a bright glint in her energetic eyes. "We are going to make a plan to save Wormykit! And it won't fail." She stomped back to her own private den. "We start tomorrow!"

Deerleap and Lionkit just stared at their leader's back in pure amazement and wonder.

"She's crazy," Deerleap breathed. "Even crazier than when she was

Skymist."

|> <|> <|> <|> <|> <|> <|> <|

Ha ha ha, Deerleap! Skystar got you there! Anyways, this chapter is dedicated to ParkBlvd, for being a prize winner in my 'Guess the Cat' contest! Please look at my photo that I made! (It's at the top.) Thank you all so much for being such wonderful supporters of this book! You guys keep my fuel going! Okay, see you in the next chapter! And a special thank you to -Camo- for always posting nice comments! Go follow this guy! He/she's *really* nice.

~^* River (A Phantom of The Opera fan)

Chapter Seven

[image] [image]

Skystar sliced the air with her claws to show Glowshine and Doefall what would happen.

"We'll have two small patrols composed of four warriors flanking either side of AirClan camp. Then, if we need reinforcements, I'll wave my tail three times as the signal for them to come and help out."

"Brilliant plan, Skystar," Doefall mewed meekly, still upset from the events that had happened before. "We'll be sure to win."

"Doefall, you'll stay in camp to guard it with several other warriors, and Glowshine, stay and protect the other kits in the nursery," Skystar said strongly, unaware that Doefall had gone livid. Doefall, who was the deputy, had wanted to stay and fight. One out of three candidates to be the deputy, she enjoyed her position in DewClan life.

"Yes - Skystar," growled Doefall. "I'll be sure that my sister, Deerleap, and I take care of the camp well. Deerleap is staying, correct?"

"Precisely," Skystar purred. "Including Glowshine. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have matters to attend to." She dashed like the wind out of her den, and leaped lightly onto the Dew Drop. She licked her underbelly that was snow, and then groomed her paws.

"All cats old enough to swim gather around the Dew Drop for a Clan meeting!"

Lithe shapes appeared from everywhere, murmuring about the meeting, which was uncalled for.

"Today, we are attacking AirClan! Yesterday, Wormykit was taken by AirClan! Although he doesn't look as handsome as you might

think, he is still a DewClan cat through and through," Skystar shouted. "I want the following warriors to come: Oakwhisper, Fernfeather, Kestrelwing, Skyjumper, Pinelark, Squirrelbush, Mouserunner, and Snowdusk! The rest of you, stay and protect the camp! We are leaving now, so quickly grab a piece of prey!"

There was a flurry that was a fast whirlwind, and the sound of chewing resounded throughout DewClan. Skystar and her group of warriors began to march out of camp, their heads and tails little trees high up in the sky.

When the wood began to change from gently sloping hills to towering trees, Skystar motioned Kestrelwing to start to take half of the patrol to the left and Oakwhisper to take the other half to the right.

"Now, the plan is that we kindly ask for Wormykit to be taken back home. If they refuse, we attack. During the battle, Mouserunner will dash into the nursery and take the kit. He will then run all the way back to DewClan. Any questions?" Skystar inquired. Nobody answered. "Good. Now, DewClan, onward!"

Walking cats filled the full forest, and the army stopped to a halt in front of the AirClan camp. Before leaving camp, they had all eaten and were full.

"What do you want?" hissed Tailfeather, hostile.

"We want our kit back," Skystar gently mewed. "Take us to Quailstar."

Tailfeather, who was the deputy, grudgingly agreed. Before the battle, he had been happily eating a piece of prey and was disappointed to have to attack DewClan.

"Quailstar!" he yowled, "DewClan is here!"

A brown she-cat with a gray stripe running down her back appeared, and dipped her head respectfully.

"Skystar," said Quailstar coolly, "how nice to see you."

"Give us Wormykit back," growled Skystar.

"I'm sorry, but AirClan needs more warriors. I'm afraid your little kit is ours. And we *won't* go without a fight. AirClan, attack!" Quailstar hollered. "Protect the nursery at all costs!"

Skystar snarled, a snake. "DewClan, attack!" The two tall leaders launched themselves at each other, lips curled back, baring their teeth. "Have you gone mad, Quailstar? You're a disgrace and a menace to the society! Stealing a mere kit?"

"Oh, fox-dung," the AirClan leader mewed lightly, "I saw that kit. He was not good-looking, but looked mistreated. Fair much? AirClan will take care of him well. Wormykit, you call him? I think we'll rename him... Quailkit, in honor of me, the great leader of AirClan."

"Fox-heart!" Skystar said, her eyes two wide moons. "AirClan will pay! Kestrelwing! Oakwhisper! Go!" She swiped at Quailstar's eager eyes, then ran off.

Mouserunner, who disliked Wormykit, was sitting outside of the battle doing nothing to save poor Wormykit.

"Mouserunner!" Skystar yowled, her eyes blazing with fury, "go and save Wormykit!"

"Sorry, Skystar, but I'm not," drawled Mouserunner lazily. "We should just leave the kit here. He's no use!"

"Fine! I'll just go and get him myself!" Skystar huffed, steam coming out of her ears like fire. "You can just go back to camp! I'll deal with you later!" She stormed off, padding into the midst of the raging storm that was a battle. One out of four great leaders, she was determined to win.

Skystar slowly scuttled along the outskirts of the camp until she saw the nursery, she creeped in to find a young queen attacking Wormykit ferociously.

"You ugly, ugly kit! I hate you! You're the most terrible-" But the pretty cream colored she-cat didn't get any further for her insults because, just then, a huge lump of fur landed on her.

"Take that back!" Skystar spat, clawing her face. "You stupid queen! I'll scar you for life!" She slashed the queen's flank, causing her to howl in pain. "Shut up!"

"Rabbitecho! Help me!" the cream cat wailed. "The kits!" She started sobbing when Skystar slashed her stomach. "Rabbitecho!"

"Fairfur! I'm coming!" the terrible tom screeched. "Hang on!" But even a wild warrior like Rabbitecho was no match for a leader such as Skystar. With a simple swipe, he was flung into the air, leaving Fairfur to wail.

"I said be quiet!" The queen snapped her mouth shut after that. Skystar scratched her belly, then flew down like a bird and savagely bit her victim at the aforementioned place. "I hope all your kits die!" She then clawed at her stomach once more, then snarled, and snapped down again at her underbelly.

"*No*!" Fairfur screeched, "*The kits*!" She weakly attempted like a piece of dead prey to claw at Skystar, but instead, got a slash to the face. "You'll pay, you piece of fox-dung!"

Skystar, who had gray tabby fur, just nonchalantly picked up Wormykit by the scuff and ran off. "Shut up, you good-for-nothing queen."

[]|[]|[]|[]|[]

I am so sorry guys, that this chapter took like two weeks to update! I had writer's block, and was so lazy! Please forgive me! <.> This chapter is dedicated to none other than FallingSkies89 for being a wonderful friend! (You're mentioned on my profile by the way.) Okay, next chapter will try to be updated as fast as possible! Thanks you guys! Especially -Camo-!

Jay ^.^

P.S. Since I love Skystar, you *better* like her too! -_-

Chapter Eight

[image]

"Oh, thank you, Skystar!" Wormykit gasped like a ghost. "AirClan was horrible - with that queen bullying me all the time! She often clawed at my ears..." He showed the angry leader, who had thrown him onto her back, three red scars behind his ear.

Skystar growled. *How could she?* she thought. *Humph! I taught her a lesson.* "You're welcome, Wormykit," she purred gently. Just the thought of Fairfur made her feel sick! "Now, let's get you home. I'm sure-" Her last words were cut off by a loud snarl.

"Who dares to trespass on *our* territory?" a voice hissed. The bushes rustled, and out stepped a black tom with silver stripes and boiling yellow eyes. "I am Yellow of the Eyes, and why are you here on-"

"That doesn't matter. Good-bye." Skystar stormed off, with Wormykit hopping around on her back.

"S-K-Y-S-T-A-R H-E-L-P M-E..." Wormykit yelled. "Y-O-U-'R-E G-O-I-N-G T-O-O
F-A-S-T!" But Skystar only sped up as she saw ten rogues approach her.

"Stay *away*!" she snarled. "This is a kit, for StarClan's sake!"

"What is '*StarClan*'?" asked a white tom, with black stripes. "We are the Power Force. I am Snow of the Stripes, and I am the Commander, or, as the Clans call them, the deputy."

Skystar stood silent, but then quickly swiped at his nose and dashed off.

"That is one swift she-cat," murmured Snow of the Stripes. Then he snarled, "Report to Dawn Who Strikes at Morning. *Now*."
.....

"All cats old enough to swim gather around the Dew Drop for a Clan meeting!" Skystar yowled, her eyes glimmering with relief. "Today, we celebrate one of the most important events that can ever happen in life; the naming of new apprentices. Wormykit, Lionkit, please step forward."

Finally, after an eon of waiting, Wormykit would finally be an apprentice! Goodpaw and Shadowpaw, who had all been apprenticed the moon before, sighed with joy. Apricotpaw, however, was scowling.

"I, Skystar of DewClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to guide these kits towards the path of becoming the warriors they can be. Wormykit, from this moment on, you will now be known as Wormypaw! Skyjumper, you have shown yourself to be worthy of another apprentice. You have the patience and knowledge, and have a heart of a lion."

"Wormypaw! Wormypaw! Wormypaw!" his friends cheered, happy for the disfigured tom who was worthy of his apprentice name in their eyes.

"Lionkit, from this moment on, you will be known as Lionpaw!" Skystar searched the crowd for a suitable mentor. She hesitated, before yowling, "Doefall, you are the deputy of this Clan. I expect you to pass on all your wisdom and courage to Lionpaw."

"Lionpaw! Wormypaw! Lionpaw! Wormypaw!"

A massive grin spread across Wormypaw's face like fire, lighting it up. Goodpaw, who had been cheering for her friend the whole time, padded over.

"Great! Now we can explore everything together!" She turned to her mentor Nighttree. "When's the next Gathering, Nighttree?"

"In a half moon," replied the senior warrior with dignity. He looked over at Wormypaw with a smile. "Hello, Wormypaw! I think Skyjumper over there would like you." He motioned with his tail to the white tom with gray paws and friendly cyan eyes.

"Wormypaw!" he called out. "Come on, we're going to go explore the terrritory!"

Wormypaw padded over shyly. "We're luckily going *alone,"* Skyjumper smiled, glancing warily at Doefall. They zoomed out of camp quickly, eager to explore the depths of the territories.

"This is the EarthClan border. It is distinguished by the towering tall trees, the charcoal-colored ground, and the smell of —" Skyjumper sniffed softly, "the forest."

Wormypaw was lost in awe. So this was EarthClan! They moved on towards the AirClan border.

"Excuse me, Skyjumper? Could we not go there?" Wormypaw motioned like a scared animal to AirClan. "You know..."

"Oh! Whoops, sorry Wormypaw. I think you know the border well enough!" He let out a chuckle.

After a while, they reached the NightClan border, where they met a happy Secretstar.

"Oh, hello!" she purred, waving her tail in greetings. "Skyjumper, lovely to see you. Who's this?"

"I'm Wormypaw," said the tom shyly. "H-hello..." Secretstar let out a mrrow of laughter.

"Shy, are we? Well, I was just like you when I was young." A distant gaze formed in her wise eyes. "Everyone in NightClan used to call me 'Secret Spider'. But as time went on, I managed to overcome my fears." She smiled at the new apprentice. "Perhaps one day... you can become leader too."

Wormypaw beamed. "Really? I can?"

"Well, seeing as I mentored your father, I suppose you could..." Skyjumper said thoughtfully, a wistful smile on my face.

"YOU MENTORED MY FATHER?" Wormypaw screeched, eyes wide with excitement. "What was he like? What did Oakwhisker do? Was

he a good apprentice?"

Skyjumper lashed his tail frantically, realizing the mistake he had just made. "Oh, I, er, you see, I didn't mentor your father, I only just, um, taught him how to hunt, yes, how to hunt!" He plastered a fake grin on his face that was lopsided.

Wormypaw narrowed his eyes. Something was suspicious in the way Skyjumper was acting, in the way his eyes gleamed. The crooked smile was strange, and his tail was moving non-stop.

"Just what are you hiding?" Wormypaw growled. "Is there something I should know?"

"Oh, look! It's almost sundown! Come on, Wormypaw, let's get a move on!" And with that, Skyjumper dashed towards DewClan camp, leaving behind a very amused Secretstar.

"I expect he'll know when the time is right," she purred.

Chapter Nine

It was sunrise, and Wormypaw was learning how to fight with the other, more experienced warriors. Adrenaline pumped through his body as he paced back and forth next to Skyjumper, gazing at his brother. Lionpaw and Doefall had decided to accompany them to the Training Stones, where they would learn how to fight. The Training Stones were a group of large rocks that were flat, tall, small, or big. They loomed over Wormypaw like cliffs off a mountain.

"In a battle, it is crucial for you to be agile and quick on your feet. Because of that, warriors are able to win, and claim victory in a fight. So," Doefall barked, "you two will be training how to jump effectively. DewClan has a big advantage by having the Training Stones so close by. Today, Ambertail and Mouserunner will be joining us."

"If you don't mind, Doefall, I'd like to train with-"

"My apprentice?" Doefall finished. "Of *course* you can!" She smiled so brightly that the whites of her teeth shone like the water in the lake. The deputy was sure that with Ambertail, Lionpaw would become the best fighter in the Clan, as she was the second best to Skyjumper.

"You didn't let me finish," scoffed Ambertail coldly. "I want to train with the little runt. Wormypaw. *Not* Lionpaw." Her sleek white fur seemed to almost glare at Doefall as she fixed her steady amber eyes on her. "I'm sure Mousewhisker would love to train with you, however, seeing as he dislikes Wormypaw so much."

Doefall's neatly groomed fur rose up, and she growled menacingly. Her tail stood erectly, and the well-mannered demeanor was long gone. Why was this mouse-brained warrior disrespecting her? It was a great privilege to get to teach the apprentice of the deputy, so why was she refusing?

"FINE! But don't come crawling back to me when he does so terribly. In fact," Doefall smiled cruelly, "I was thinking of doing a pre-assessment. I remember you saying once, Ambertail, that you didn't take weaklings for apprentices. So, let's have the brothers fight. Glorious Lionpaw, with his heart of gold and strong physique, against plain, little Wormypaw. Whoever wins gets mentored by you."

Skyjumper's usual composed face was now serious and grim. He and Amberleap switched worried glances. They were often quite close, seeing as they trained hard together. *Do you think he can do it?* Skyjumper mentally asked. He knew that Ambertail would understand, and the same back. *I think so. His father... He was a genius when it came to battle.*

They both turned to face Doefall. Ambertail smirked, and swished her tail around. Doefall seemed shocked, and involuntarily stepped back. Trying to regain her composure, she snarled, "What's your answer?"

"Yes, I agree. I think we should do this. But make it quick. I don't want to waste my time. I've got patrol duty at sun-high." She yawned for full effect. "Oh, and Doefall? This doesn't mean I'll give your apprentice all of my time, *if* he wins."

Doefall clenched her teeth together. Four seasons she had been living; and not once had she been this infuriated. Of course, she had mentored an apprentice before, but he had gotten himself killed in a battle with EarthClan, and that was the end of that. Her eyes were ice as she called Lionpaw to stand in front of her. Then, she placed Wormypaw where Skyjumper was.

"You battle with sheathed claws, you understand?" Ambertail shouted. "It ends when one of you has pinned the other down. Try your best, and go for it! I will be watching to see if anyone cheats." She narrowed her eyes at Lionpaw, and stepped back.

"Begin." And with that, Ambertail dipped her head to show that the match had begun.

Lionpaw growled, and Wormypaw felt intimidated, as if Lionpaw

was *really* a lion. Placing his paws firmly in the ground, he watched to see when Lionpaw would pounce. He had overheard a few warriors talking to their apprentices about how they should never strike first in a battle. According to them, if you stuck first, it made it possible for you to miss and get hurt.

"It's obvious I'm going to win, *runt.* You're barely even qualified to be a warrior, much less an apprentice. Let's get the over with." And with a stroke of confidence, Lionpaw leaped, baring his teeth.

Wormypaw dodged the attack, and instinctively kicked his legs out, knocking Lionpaw over. He then used his powerful back legs to spring at the struggling Lionpaw, and reached his paw out to claw him. Suddenly, Lionpaw rolled over and leaped straight at Wormypaw's side, knocking him down to the ground. He towered over Wormypaw, grinning like an evil badger. Squirming, the russet tom quickly lashed out at Lionpaw's belly, causing a hiss of pain to emit from the older tom.

"I'm not a weakling like you," hissed the golden-brown tom. "Why do you think our own *mother* chose me over you? No one loves you. Get that simple fact into your head and you'll be fine. Because then, you'll run away with your big, fat paws. And leave us alone." He raised his paw, and Wormypaw saw in horror that his claws were unsheathed.

"Stop!" He could hear Skyjumper, Ambertail, and (surprisingly) Doefall cry out in anguish. "You'll hurt him!" The pounding of footsteps thumped in his head.

No! Wormypaw thought. *You won't pin me down!* And using all the force he could muster, Wormypaw pushed his brother up and pinned him down. Panting, he realized that Lionpaw was playing dead. Firmly, he pushed his sheathed paw down on his feather-like fur and fixed his eyes on his mentor.

A deathly silence filled the forest. The birds had stopped chirping, the squirrels had stopped running, and it felt like time had stopped. The wind had died, and there was no indication of any movement.

"What did you just do?" voiced Ambertail. "Tell me, Wormypaw, where did you learn how to do that?"

"Do what?" Wormypaw asked. "Did I do something wrong? Was I in the wrong position?"

"Your finishing move. You see," she exchanged glances with Skyjumper, "I believe you have just created a new move. No one, and by no one, not even Dewstar himself, StarClan help me, had even done what you did in the history of the Clans." There was a flash of approval in Doefall's eyes, but it disappeared as soon as it had gone.

"I-I..." Wormypaw was at a loss for words.

"No, it was me who did it," shouted Lionpaw, "I was the one who did it! We should name it the Lion Pose!" He puffed out his chest with pride. "It was obvious that was just a fluke. I pinned him down, and I just let him win, so-"

"ENOUGH!" Doefall shouted. "Lionpaw, I may not like your brother as much as others, but that was *unacceptable!* How dare you battle with unsheathed claws? Do you know that you could have killed him? And taking his credit is not allowed! As punishment, you will be gathering moss with me tomorrow in the woods. You understand?"

"Yes, Doefall," said Lionpaw, bowing his head.

"And Wormypaw, what would you like to call your move? I think I should let you choose seeing as you made it up..." Skyjumper smiled. "I remember when I saw you doing that, I was reminded of Whitestar himself; and you know he was the best at battle. I am proud to have you as my apprentice."

"Thank you," Wormypaw breathed. "But I want to name it the Push Paw."

"The Push Paw it is," Ambertail said gently. Her eyes sharpened, and her tail straightened. "Now, since you won, I'll be training you. I'm not going to go easy on you since you won. I'm going to go

TOUGH! Jump ten times, forward and back in a line on the Training Stones! You want to be like your father? Then you hop to it, like a rabbit!"

Chapter Ten

Four moons had passed since Wormypaw had fought against Lionpaw, and he was exhausted.

Hunting, training, going on patrols, fishing, swimming, etc, etc, - plus the fact that every now and then, people would make snarky remarks about his face. Usually, he shook it off. But when Shadowpaw was around, or Goodpaw, all the warriors would lay off, and he considered that to be a good thing. They constantly called him 'Forestpaw', but after a while, Wormypaw asked them to call him 'Wormypaw', because that was the new name his mother gave him and he didn't want to appear weak in front of her. After much coaxing and wheedling, they gave in.

Shadowpaw was growing to be a fine young apprentice, with a forte for fighting. He and Wormypaw were good friends, and often, they would be seen sparring against each other. Currently, they were walking along the riverbank with Goodpaw, taking a break from the day's work. It was sun-high, and the weather was mildly temperate.

"Did you hear? Half a moon's left before the Gathering!" exclaimed Goodpaw. "All the apprentices get to go, and I bet you a mousetail that we'll see something cool!"

"I think I'll stay at camp," mewed Wormypaw. "too risky. All the cats will start whining about how handsome I am." He stopped and looked at his reflection in the water. "Admire my beautiful features, you two!"

Shadowpaw laughed. "Yup, and Lionpaw would be part of IdiotClan, in his own row of logs, sitting all alone. That would be a good memory for the future to tell the other kits."

"And they say I'm the one who's alone," muttered Wormypaw. Then, he noticed movement in the river. "Look! A fish!"

The three apprentices turned to look at the sparkling river. Wormypaw was right - there was a particularly large trout coming towards them upstream. Almost like magic, sunlight glimmered over the scales of the fish, an ethereal kind of beauty.

"I'M GOING TO CATCH THAT TROUT!" declared Goodpaw. Dashing upstream, she skidded to a halt and padded close to the riverbank. The fish was two tree lengths away, and swimming quite slowly. *Come on, come on!* she thought. *I know you're slow because of the weight you have from being large, but I need to catch you for my friends!* Finally, the trout swam close to where Goodpaw was. With lightning-fast reflexes, she swiped upwards and caught the struggling animal in her mouth, throwing it onto the grass.

"All right! Nicely done Goodpaw!" Wormypaw and Shadowpaw said. Grinning, Shadowpaw smirked.

"You know, I think we've just won ourselves a place at the Gathering," Shadowpaw whispered. "Wormypaw! You don't need to be worried, because you have Shadowrunner right here, right now! Oh, and you also have my, erm, *novice* assistant Goody."

Goodpaw hissed, ears flatted and tail waving.

"Oops, sorry, my bad," joked Shadowpaw. "Anyway, Wormypaw, you will be fine, because any cat that says obnoxious things about my friend will get a taste of my fur!"

"After you get badly beaten up," muttered Goodpaw. "And I was the one who caught this trout! Which reminds me, we should go back to camp. Our mentors are probably expecting us by now."

"She's right. And thanks 'Shadowrunner' and 'Goody'. I feel better about being overly handsome," Wormypaw grinned, "so I think we should hurry back and brag to Lionpaw about our catch."

"You're giving me a - a - a - hmm, a fish head if Doefall thinks it's cool!" said Shadowpaw. "Hey, are you okay, Goodpaw?"

"Mmm! Mm-mmm-mm! MMMMM!" Goodpaw 'mmm'ed'.

"I think she means 'this fish is heavy and I can't talk," Wormypaw

awkwardly said.

"Geez, my own sister's inarticulate," sighed Shadowpaw. "One apprentice is too handsome, the other apprentice is mumbling like a newborn kit - ugh, we need to get back to camp Goodpaw!"

"Mmmmm!"

||||||||||||||||||||||||||||||||

EXPECT ANOTHER CHAPTER LATER THIS WEEK! I'm sorry that it's a filler, but it was necessary for the next chapter, which is full of blood. Also, you can punch the space below if you're mad/ frustrated at me for not updating. I'm really sorry!

- Jay

Canceled

Unfortunately, due to my busy schedule, the contest is going to be canceled! Sorry guys, but I just got a really important reminder about the next month, so this is going to have to wait. As compensation though, I posted chapters on my other books and revamped them, so please take them as my apology. >.< I AM SO SO SORRY!

-A sad Jay